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Other Days.

GRATTAN T. STANFORD, '04.

WHEN the evening shadows gather
And fall gently in the west,
I often sit and ponder
On the times that seemed the best;
And down memory's path I ramble
While the fleeting moments free.
Take my thoughts from out the present
To the times that used to be.

I can see the old home standing
In the sunshine, in the rain,
And can hear a silvery laughter
That brings memories back again;
And the chorus of those voices
That come echoing back to me
Makes me feel I still am living
In the times that used to be.

I can picture scenes of boyhood,
See the brooklet running clear,
See the schoolhouse by the roadside
With its memories old and dear;
And in rude and ragged letters
On the big oak yet I see
The names of my companions
In the times that used to be.

But the old home's now deserted
And the brook no longer flows;
To the schoolhouse by the roadside
Not a single scholar goes.
But the friends whose names are graven
On that old familiar tree
Gather round me in my dreaming
Of the times that used to be.

LET nothing appear great, nothing valuable
or admirable, nothing worthy of esteem,
nothing high, nothing truly praiseworthy or
desirable, but what is eternal.—*A Kempis.*

The Fifteenth Amendment.*

GEORGE J. MACNAMARA, '04.



SINCE Lee's surrendered
sword flashed in the victor's
hand and Old Glory floated
for the first time on the south-
ernmost rebel staff; since
the time when loyal father
clasped in forgiving embrace his son in gray
and all was joy save where the palmetto
groves moaned the "De Profundis" of the
unnamed who lay in the last sad reckoning of
a brother's strife, even to this day when North
and South, no longer separated, have swept
away in a united effort remembrances of the
past, the Union's interests have been concen-
trated in the negro.

Forty years are the silent witnesses of this
race within a race, plucked one day from the
heart of a barbaric tribe, tutored in slavery and
invested the next with all the rights of a race
whom centuries had taught the game of kings.
Forty years have watched them struggle and
fall victims of a false idea of liberty. Forty
years are the tombs of efforts calculated for
the negro's betterment.

To-day pulls heavy curtains over the past
and allows the golden noonday sun to illumine
the South with experience of those forty years
at her back, experience bought at the expense
of honor and reputation, depredation and
ruin, riot and race-war, placing the negro in
a position wherein he may start anew down
the long lane of racial evolution.

The South least of all would deny anyone
the protection and liberty of a free country;
but as her own immature children are denied
the right of suffrage, so too would she deny
a race incapable of deciding, a race whose

* Oratorical paper.

highest political ideas are the crudest schemings of the lowest demagogue, the right of saying who shall and who shall not be leaders in things politic. The South, knowing too well that the cause of the negro's inability to better his race was the speedy elevation to a civil plane wherein he was altogether out of place, finds that the only means of creating a new hope of success is to turn the negro back to the starting-point, to take from him that false idea of independence, and thereby offer a stimulus towards his social, civil and moral development.

Far be it from me to exploit the activities of the South in legislating against the negro. I do not come to try to justify in any manner whatever any move it may see fit to make against the negro. It is an indisputable fact, sanctioned by the Supreme Court, that if any people knows the capabilities of the negro, sees the outcome of the present racial trend with eyes that come from experience alone, if any people is capable of directing the machinery of the negro's racial development, if any people can reach a decision in the much-controverted question, that people is the South.

I agree with the most unconcerned that the sooner we take this sham liberty away from the negro the better. I agree with them all that what the negro needs is not the power to be a political tool, but the protection of a free government. I agree with them all that the only way to make the negro better himself is to take away that cause which is producing such degrading effects—the right to be the civic equal with the man who is his moral, social and economic superior. For the negro's present condition I blame the whole country; for did we not change the entire trend of the negro when we gave him all the civil rights of the white man, when we made a race of slaves the equal of a race of masters? Did the declaration that the negro was the equal in every way to that race of men he himself acknowledged as superior have aught but an evil effect? To him there was no higher plane. What cared he for advances made in fields commercial and social? He was the white man's equal, and the declaration of liberation meant the dawning of an everlasting holiday. The hope of the future was stolen and the negro's ambition gone. Barbaric emotion and the sloth of his nature, long held in subjection by the discipline of slavery, were set free to work not only the

ruin of the blacks but the detriment and menace of the whites.

Why was it in those days long dead the negro was so happy and contented? Why was it when the work was ended and night had smothered the plantation with her sable robes, that melodies floated from the slave quarters and the first fingers of the harvest moon reached out where thrummed the nickled banjo and lightly stepped the dancer? Why was it when the rumble and shriek and trample of war rent the country; when those loyal mothers of the North offered their hearts' blood on the altar of the Union, prayed God to spare their sons to replant the flag in every rebel state; when the old "Massas" donned the butternut, and, afar under the bonnie blue flag, stood opposing a brother's steel, their homes in ruins and their lands devastated; why, I ask, in all those chaotic days—days pregnant with broken hearts and shattered hopes—were the wives and children of the southern planters safe under the protecting arms of their slaves? Why? Because the slave knew his place. Because he had as yet to acquire that false idea of independence developed by the right of suffrage, and the master's love, which, though not unlike that exerted to-day for a faithful dog, was then exerting an influence over the slave for the better. During slavery the negro was being led through recognition of the white man's superiority to a higher plane of civilization. When the God of battles gave his sanction to the declaration that the Union could not exist half free and half slave came the dissolution of all associations; the breaking up and creating new standards which brought the machinery of racial development to a sudden stop, soon to be overgrown by the rust and mire of advancing nations.

Maybe the negro did in slavery show signs of dormant potentiality. For the continued memory of those names—names that stood for so much at the close of the Civil War—I would like to believe that the investiture of suffrage was more than a mere political scheme. I would like to believe that Lincoln, and all the framers of the "Fifteenth Amendment," saw not the least impossibility of any people advancing under opportunities afforded by a free country. Let us not cast a shadow on their remembrances. They all worked for the better. But time has proved to a nicety that the negro has not availed himself of the position they created for him. Time has

proved that the negro has deteriorated from his former standing because the elevation to equality with a superior race was all he could desire, and it thereby robbed him of ambition and the stimulus of the white man.

History points with an unwavering hand to the result of this robbery; to the negro of to-day who, in the words of Mr. Grover Cleveland, is composed of "a grievous amount of ignorance, a sad amount of viciousness and a tremendous amount of laziness and thriftlessness."

Such is the negro we are dealing with to-day—the negro of cold fact. I have said that, with the Supreme Court's connivance, the South has disenfranchised the negro. In local legislatures she is using as a basis the educational qualification, borrowed word for word from the constitution of Massachusetts. Can you, I beg, allow even these constitutional rights that are apparent to continue? This is the question I from the South broach to you from the North. This is the question I in behalf of the negro lay before a people whose ear has ever been turned to the cry of the oppressed, to a people whom no sacrifice could abash when the country's interests were at stake.

None of us can doubt that the means taken in the South to-day is going to elevate the negro. But can we whose forefathers liberated these oppressed people, whose forefathers consigned to our own especial care the reward of their death wounds, stand idly by and watch states where race prejudice is so rampant legislate as suits their own interests: one severely, another less judiciously and a third not at all. Ere long chaotic results will be born of such disjuncted operation that will place the negro in a worse position than before. Negro suffrage is not a local measure.

What do I ask of you? I ask, that as the South has shown the only way to elevate the negro is to create a new goal for his endeavors, a field for his ambition, that you, the people of the North, the descendants of those same heroes who forgot all when the dogs of war growled at the holding of human bondage and stood the embodied principle that the Union must and shall be preserved, that you of the North whose ancestral blood hallowed the fields where we of the South were taught to revere again that starry flag your forefathers planted as our protection, look to the care of the negro, that legacy of the country's saviors, and make

this question one of universality by repealing the cause of all the trouble, that "Fifteenth Amendment." Fear not for the lower whites. In them there is an instinct nourished for centuries, fitting them to choose the rulers of men while the negro was lording the environments of savagery. The white man was tutored in the science of empires which elevates the ignorant white from the plane of equality with the ignorant black and which gives the white man, be he ignorant and poor, the ability of choosing his leader.

If we take it for granted, with the South, that the disenfranchisement of the negro is the best means for his betterment—and surely time points to the veracity of this statement—what would we offer as a goal for the negro strivings? What must the negro accomplish before he can regain that place that was his ruin?

With Booker T. Washington we would advocate a "broad system of negro common school, supplemented by thorough industrial training." Ignorance, agree all concerned, is the negro's bane; but, with the negro's education, we advocate not the concentration of all the negro's energies on industrial training. We must have laborers as well as artisans, and competitive methods would never allow the negro to stand against the white. Teach the negro to be employed. Teach him to overcome sloth, that predominant factor in his make-up, for laziness is the negro's greatest fault; and though he be ignorant and poor I would trust a laboring negro's vote because his interest is nourished by activity. Mark me well, though we all agree that the solution of the negro question is in the negro himself, we can not leave the negro to himself. We must compel him onward. Push back the mists from the gloomy history of Hayti, Liberia, and the other countries where the negro has been left to himself, Jamaica too, if you will, for Jamaica, before it was placed under the crown, was as badly off as the rest, and see to what pristine savagery the negro has drifted when left to work out for himself the design that demands the white man's constant attention. I claim no inherent racial possibilities for the negro. I point not to the exceptional few whose strides have led them far in advance of their people to gloat over the abilities of the negro. Far be it from me to laud a race whose history admits of no laudation.

The negro I am pleading for is the negro

we have about us to-day, the class, the race, and not those exceptional few who show what might have been had the negro overcome that barbaric trait of his nature, that predominant factor of his make-up, that check of his advancement—sloth.

Laziness, uncheckable laziness, laziness that was nurtured in the wilds of Africa, born of savagery and fostered by slavery, is the cause of the negro's low position in society to-day. The few who have risen above the people are not the few who were exceptionally bright, are not the few endowed with faculties foreign to their race, not the few that had better opportunities, but the few who were not afraid to work, not afraid of the rough road to success. As long as the negro votes he will be lazy. As long as the South alone legislates against him he will be ruined. Is he worth anything better than this? Is the negro worth the attention of the North? Attention he must be given to save him?

When Spanish atrocities blighted the serenity of the nation; when America's sons deserted home and occupation, peace and comfort, to shake from the nation's flag liberation to the Cubans; and America's daughters, loyal and faithful to the absent ones, nursed and knitted that the soldiers' hardships might be eased, the negro entered with the same spirit. When that typical American manhood, the first Volunteer Cavalry, men whom the treacherous Indians had never stayed, whom stampeding herds had never flurried nor endless rides fatigued, led far in advance by that insatiable desire of relieving the oppressed, lay in a veritable pit of death where poured in ceaseless streams the deadly maulers; when all hope had fled on the smoke of battle, and death stalked El Caney's heights, over the crest brushed Old Glory, a salvation, borne by those uncheckable "niggers." When the fever-stricken camps of Cuba and the Philippines clutched the vigor of the American soldier, who volunteered to take the white man's place? Who in all this land was fitted for the position? He whom the white soldier of our late war was not ashamed to carry to the rear when wounded.

If the white buried those heroic negroes who fell with their faces to the enemy, shrouded in the "Star Spangled Banner," why should not the radiance of that same flag beam on those returned to share a hero's glory? As no battle line was too ferocious, no trench too bloody, no rank field too hot

for that people whose black hand has never been raised against his flag, why is not such a people worth the attention of the North? If the negro's future is of any consequence to that people who gave so much blood and treasure that he might be freed from bondage, show it by the actions of the North.

If you desire this struggle of your fathers to have gone for naught; if you desire those lying in the unnumbered tombs of the nation's dead to rest unquietly with shame at their sons' disloyalty; if you desire the nation's ward to be the nation's ruin and the check of our advancing people; if you desire that great outpouring of brotherly blood to stand a blot on the nation's history, allow the South to legislate against the negro as it will. But if on the other hand, as in days past, the interest of the country is the interest of the North; if the remembrance of those lying dead in southern fields is still revered; if all that outpouring of love and forgiveness lavished on the South has not been a hypocrisy and a sham; if the same blood courses your veins as coursed those who stood the bulwark of the nation in its crisis, you will compel the power that placed the negro in the gloam of liberty to withdraw the shades that hide the future. You will enforce the repeal of that "Fifteenth Amendment"; offering justice to the negro by equality of legislation, equality of education, equality of influence, helping him onward toward the realization of that hope, a free people's greatest boon—the enjoyment of the protection of a free people.

The Downfall of Duggan.

ROBERT E. PROCTOR, '04.

Bristow should have known better than to tackle old "Scrap;" for Duggan's reputation as a fighter was known on every division of the K and A. But Bristow also had a not-undeserved reputation as a fighter, and perhaps he thought that he could lower the old engineer's fighting colors.

He discovered his mistake a few minutes later, when he found himself lying on his back beside the turntable, with old "Scrap's" grizzled and weather-beaten face glowering down upon him, and heard Duggan's rough voice challenging him to get up and try it again.

"Why don't you get up? Why don't you fight?" stormed Duggan, dancing around his prostrate foe, and brandishing his fists menacingly.

"No, thank you," replied Bristow, as he slowly came up to a sitting position, and applied his bandanna to the bruised places where "Scrap's" ponderous fists had beaten a tattoo on his face. "No, thank you, Mr. Duggan. I've had enough, I assure you. Excuse me if I am so rude as to decline your kind invitation (Bristow was apparently somewhat humorous). The very warm reception I met with has taken some of the excitement out of me, and I hardly think that I care to add any more to your pleasure this morning."

"Then don't you, get up in the engine and coal up," snarled big "Scrap" Duggan. "And after this think twice 'fore you sass me."

Bristow, the vanquished, arose to his feet and meekly mounting '39' Duggan's engine, began to get steam up in preparation for the run to Rockland on the 'Pueblo Flyer.'

And Duggan, after first giving the hostlers and wipers who had witnessed the short but exciting battle a look that cowed everyone of them, hurried over to the master-mechanic's office to answer a 'chaser' that he had received that morning.

"Scrap" Duggan had been a runner on the K and A for nearly thirty years, and had literally as well as figuratively fought his way to the top; for in all that time he had not been whipped once, although man after man had attempted to lower his colors. In fact, fighting had become as much of a daily occupation with him as piloting his locomotive, and hardly a day passed without some would-be fighter being "laid up for repairs" by a blow from Duggan's heavy fist.

A report of "Scrap's" many battles had reached the new superintendent's ears (the former superintendent having gone to another road a week previous), and he had given orders that unless Duggan refrained from the daily pastime of knocking out his fellow employees, the road would dispense with his services, although Duggan was the best engineer on the Western Division.

This order had reached the office of Bliss, the master mechanic, on the very day that "Scrap" added another to his long list of the conquered, and it was in answer to Bliss' summons that Duggan reported at the office as

soon as he had prepared the engine for the trip.

Mr. Bliss was frowning over a "delay report" when Duggan entered his private office, but he at once laid this aside and began to question the big engineer.

"Mr. Duggan," he said, after the first greetings, "I understand that you are somewhat of a fighter. Is it true?"

"Well, I guess it is," replied "Scrap" proudly, thinking of the joy of that last encounter.

"Do you enjoy a good fight, Mr. Duggan?" asked the master-mechanic.

A smile wrinkled Duggan's rough features.

"Do I?" he returned. "There is nothing like it, Mr. Bliss. Do you remember that fight I had with Pete Corbin nigh onto twenty years ago? Poor Pete—"

"Never mind, Mr. Duggan," interrupted Bliss, with difficulty refraining from smiling, "you're not to fight any more."

"Scrap" stared at the official as if he had not heard aright.

"Not to fight any more?" he sputtered, the words almost choking in his throat. "Why, what am I to do if—"

"Run your engine and make your regular trips. You're too old a man to be wasting your strength fighting with those younger than yourself."

"You don't mean it, Mr. Bliss, do you?" questioned Duggan, anxiously. "Ain't I to pound sense into the heads of some of these fool firemen you put on '59.' Why, only this morning I had to lick Bristow, the fellow that's going out with me on the 'Flyer.'"

For answer the official handed Duggan the letter he had received from the 'super' that morning.

Duggan read it, and the look of pained surprise on his face deepened. He came to the signature and read it aloud: "'James B. Jewell, Superintendent.' Son of his dad!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "Old 'Abe,' his father, was my best friend, and he enjoyed a good 'scrap.' But this chap"—Duggan made a gesture of disgust—"His father made a fool of him by sending'm through Yale. I haven't seen young Jewell yet, but I'll bet he's a skinny young cub; and I can handle'm with one hand."

Bliss smiled as he saw in his mind's eye big Jim Jewell, the young superintendent of the Western Division; true, a college graduate, but a man, for all the impressions that Duggan, or any other of his fellows might have to the contrary.

"I doubt if you could handle him with one hand, Duggan" said Mr. Bliss in reply to "Scrap's" boast. "I doubt if you could handle him with two."

"Scrap's" answer was a sniff of disgust. Then he withdrew from the office with a grieved look on his guzzled face, for Bliss' words had hurt the old engineer.

Duggan was not himself on the run to Rockland. Usually he fumed and sputtered during the whole of the hundred miles between Giddings and Rockland; but to Bristow's surprise, at Lotus "Scrap" did not even respond to the telegraph operator's snappy reply to a question that Duggan asked him.

Ordinarily, "Scrap" would have jumped down from his engine and booted the offender; and so Bristow, as he applied his bandanna to his sore nose, muttered to himself:

"The old boy mustn't be feeling well."

Duggan brought the 'Flyer' to Rockland on time, and as soon as his engine had been uncoupled from the train he ran back to the round-house to prepare for the return trip. As he was dismounting from the engine a tall, broad-shouldered, athletic young man strode up, and addressed "Scrap," who was preparing to crawl under the engine to look at a defective bolt.

Duggan was in a bad humor, and returned a hot reply before he dropped on all fours and crawled under the locomotive. The other fellow's face flushed, and a steely glint shone in his eye.

"Do you know to whom you are talking, Mr. Duggan?" he asked sharply.

"Naw, I don't," replied Duggan in muffled tones. "And what's more, I don't give a —. You go away and quit bothering me or you're liable to get hurt. First thing you know I'll be out there, and the fur'll fly, I tell you."

"Come out, Mr. Duggan," laughed the young man, as he stood eyeing the form of the irascible engineer—that is as much of his form as was visible. "You're liable to go back quicker than you came."

These words were enough to enkindle the spark of pugnacity that had slumbered all day in Duggan's bosom, and with a roar like that of a maddened bull he came out from under the engine, leaped to his feet, and sprang at the nervy young man who stood awaiting his attack with a cool, confident smile on his face.

Bristow desiring not to miss a "scrap,"

sprang to the window seat vacated by the engineer and watched Duggan's fierce rush with no doubt in his mind as to the outcome of the affair.—Smack!

No, Duggan didn't land that blow. He received the five knuckles of a clenched fist—and no small fist at that—right between the eyes, and measured his length on the ground.

"Oh! exclaimed Bristow in surprise—joy at seeing his conqueror go down.

He rejoiced still more at what followed. Duggan, smarting from the injury to his pride, (and also to his face) jumped to his feet and with a cry of rage again rushed at his smiling opponent. This time there was a sudden sharp mix-up, in which blow followed blow, not all of which "Scrap" received. Indeed for a moment the older man seemed to have the advantage. He staggered the younger with a blow on the chest, and if he had followed up his advantage he might have ended the fight then and there, and retained the hard-won laurels of a hundred battles. But a moment's hesitation gave the younger man time to recover; and he launched himself at Duggan and rained a storm of blows on body and chest. Duggan, fighting blindly fell back a step, and then a terrible blow caught him under the ear, and he went down and out.

"Say, you," called the victor to Bristow, who was gasping with astonishment, "get some water and restore Duggan to his senses. And say, tell him to come up to my office and have a smoke. I'm Jim Jewell, Superintendent of the 'Western Division.'"

"Yes—yes, sir," returned the fireman, as he gazed with awe and admiration at the conqueror of "Scrap" Duggan. But before Bristow reached the ground, old "Scrap" had arisen to his feet, and swaying unsteadily upon them, stood looking after the retreating figure of his conqueror.

"You met your master, didn't ye?" leered Bristow, as he swung to the ground. "That's Jim Jewell, the new superin—"

"Bristow, you — you!" Duggan's eyes flashed with their ancient fire. "It took a man to do it." "Scrap" drew nearer, and Bristow, fearing an attack, cowered up against the tender. "But you, Bristow, you snivelin' cur, you — I can knock the head 'f you!"

Well "Scrap" Duggan smoked that cigar with the "son of his dad;" but he never fought again.

Varsity Verse.

KEATS.

A THING of beauty is a joy forever.
 O surely, Keats, thy soul doth ever live
 And doth still commune with minds susceptible
 To thy supreme art. Thy song shall never
 Pass into nothingness. Thy best endeavor
 The chilling world contemned. But ah, forgive;
 Men are cruel to hearts so sensitive,
 Whose love for beauty they can ne'er discover.

Thy name in water didst thou despairing write,
 Aye in the billows of the azure sea;
 And in the dews of heaven wept for thee;
 In the gurgling runnel whisp'ring to the night;
 In the gushing rain upon the lea;
 Thy name is writ in characters of light.

S. F. R.

AFTER VACATION.

What a source of consolation
 When you wake up with a yawn,
 Just to think that all vacation
 And its pleasures now have gone;
 To hear the ringle,
 Tingle, dingle,
 Of the Prefect's bell that seems
 To bring you sleeping,
 Creeping, leaping,
 From the happy land of dreams.

Greek and Latin greet your eye
 As you're snugly tucked in bed,
 So concealed that one can spy
 But a woolly bit of head.
 Hang demerits!
 You will bear it.
 And you're off again to sleep,
 While the beaming,
 Brightly gleaming,
 Sunbeams through your window peep.

G. E. G.

PINDAR'S CONTEMPORARY CRITIC.

There's a man by the name of Pindar
 Who is trying to conquer fame
 By writing rather pretentious odes
 To the victors at the game.

His words are only a jumble;
 His metre is often wrong;
 He gives each myth a notice
 In his "Pindaric song."

But a critic may gather the poems,
 And save them for future days,
 And explain the many errors
 In truly ingenious ways.

For the jumble he'll call a dialect;
 Each metre will have its name,
 And by a myriad excuses
 Try to save the writer from blame.

He will dote upon the beauties
 That from the poems arise;
 "They are hidden," he says, "from the dullard,
 But shed their light on the wise."

T. I.

The American Constitution.

LOUIS M. FETHERSTON, '04.

When Cornwallis surrendered his forces at
 Yorktown in 1781 the revolution undertaken
 for the independence of the American colonies
 was at an end. From colonies subject to the
 British crown they became states, each free
 and independent. But new difficulties arose.
 They were no longer British subjects, and, in
 consequence, could not enjoy the privileges of
 trade accorded to Englishmen. Moreover, the
 affairs of government were in a dangerous
 condition. Within the States were poverty,
 taxation and disorder. England had not
 entirely abandoned the hope that they would
 again come under her control. A republican
 form of government in so large a territory
 was a new problem and was looked upon with
 distrust by nations, so much so that Frederick
 the Great, in speaking to the English ambas-
 sador, said that the unity of the States could
 not long endure "since a republican govern-
 ment in a territory not limited and centred
 had never been known to exist for any length
 of time." Hence another revolution, an entire
 change in the form of government must be
 brought about in order that the States might
 survive. This revolution was accomplished,
 not by the sword but by the pen; its battles
 were fought not in the field but in the Senate
 Chamber. Such a revolution was the formation
 of the present Constitution in 1787.

Before the adoption of the Constitution the
 States had been united under the Articles of
 Confederation. These Articles had been pro-
 posed as early as 1777, but were not ratified
 by the States until 1781. And the difficulty
 in securing the ratification of the Articles
 foreshadowed the trouble that would be occa-
 sioned in the formation of the Constitution.
 The smaller states were jealous of the larger,
 and consequently trouble arose over the
 question of voting. Again, trouble arose over
 the question of the western lands which had
 wellnigh caused the rejection of the Articles.
 Finally, in 1781, Virginia gave up her claims
 to this land, and Maryland adopted the
 Articles, making the union complete. This
 union, however, had its drawbacks. The system
 of representation in Congress was bad. The
 State of Rhode Island had as much influence
 in the Convention as that of Virginia whose
 population was ten times as large. Moreover,

it was with difficulty that a quorum of members could be secured. While the war was in progress the states kept their number of delegates up to the required number, but when peace was declared both representation and attendance fell off. Delaware and Georgia ceased to be represented. During the six years that elapsed from the ratification of the Confederation to the forming of the Constitution, Congress was attended by but twenty-five members instead of the ninety to which it was entitled. It was forced to adjourn from day to day for want of a quorum. Twenty delegates from seven states witnessed the resignation of Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the army. Again, conflict was threatened with Great Britain. By the terms of the treaty of peace there were to be no impediments in the way of collecting debts and no confiscation of property or persecution of those who had taken the part of the king in war. But the debts due to the Glasgow merchants were immediately cancelled, and the confiscation of the property of the loyalists continued, until thousands of them were compelled to seek shelter in Canada, where lands were given them by the English government. Over sixty thousand of these persons are claimed to have left the country. In consequence of these grievances, England refused to deliver up the frontier fortresses, and the great fur trade was lost to the United States.

The cost of government and the expenses of the war were to be paid by assessments on the States, the quota to be in proportion to the value of its surveyed and occupied land. But when calls were made the States could not or would not respond. In despair, Congress proposed an amendment to the Articles authorizing to lay a duty of 5% *ad valorem* on all imported goods; but since such an act required the consent of all the states it was lost. A second and third amendment regarding duties and imposts was proposed, and again the States refused their consent. The ports of the West Indies were closed to the ships of the United States, and duties laid on the importation of American goods to English ports, for it was seen that the States could not retaliate. In consequence, the wharves of all the shipping ports were crowded with British ships, and the native merchants were ruined. New York in order to solve this difficulty proposed to give to Congress the power over trade. Massachusetts also made a like appeal, and

a resolution was passed to call another convention to revise the Articles of Confederation. Attempts were made to secure commercial treaties with Great Britain, but these were unsuccessful. Another attempt was made to secure a treaty with Spain. This could only be accomplished by the giving up of the right to free navigation of the Mississippi. Jay, the American ambassador, agreed to do this, but the states whose territory bordered on the Mississippi, were so indignant that they threatened to withdraw from the Union should the treaty go into effect.

The crisis was reached in 1786. Rhode Island recalled her delegates and refused to appoint others. New Jersey and New York were at swords' points regarding taxation, and several of the other states had raised troops in direct violation of the Articles. Davis of North Carolina said "The encroachment of some states on the rights of others and of all on those of the Confederation were incontestable proofs of the weakness and insufficiency of the system." Charles Pinckney declared that Congress must be invested with more power, or the federal government must fall. In February, 1786, Congress resolved that a convention be held for the sole purpose of revising the articles of Confederation and reporting to Congress and the several legislatures "such alterations and provisions therein that shall, when agreed to by Congress and confirmed by the several states, render the government adequate to the exigencies of government and the preservation of the Union." Delegates were chosen by all the states except New Hampshire and Rhode Island. The convention was the most distinguished body that had ever assembled in America, and if its work could not remedy the evils, then the Union was doomed. The Convention met in Philadelphia on May 25th, 1787. Delegates had been sent merely to amend the Articles of Confederation, and few of them realized that before the Convention dissolved a revolution just as complete as that of 1776 would be accomplished. Edmund Randolph of Virginia brought forward a series of articles which were to be the nucleus of the Constitution. Charles Pinckney of South Carolina also submitted articles as did Patterson of New Jersey and Hamilton of New York.

Patterson's articles differed from Randolph's inasmuch as they were merely amendments to the Articles of Confederation, while Hamil-

ton's articles differed from both by proposing to destroy the power of the States and create in its place a strong centralized government such as exists in France to-day. After considerable debate Randolph's plan was adopted and was presented to a committee of the whole house for acceptance. Each article was taken up separately and voted upon until all were adopted.

The Constitution was then, not as Gladstone says, "The greatest work ever struck off at any one time by the hand of man." The real source of the Constitution was in the experience of the Americans. They had experience in state governments, and had carried on two successful state governments with which they had been profoundly discontented. The Constitution, therefore, represents the accumulated experience of the time; its success is due to the wisdom of the members in selecting out of the mass of colonial and state institutions those which were enduring.

The Love of Marietta.

TELFORD PAULLIN.

Pietro was a great man, very rich and respectable. He lived up in the Piedmont country where he shouldered the many responsibilities of a thriving basket-weaver. The baskets Pietro would ship from Salerno across the sea to his brother in America who was even richer than Pietro and was said to have amassed as much as five hundred American dollars.

The only irregularity in Pietro's composition was that he was very badly in love. Her name was Marietta, and Pietro had first met her in Salerno where she had fluttered her mantilla after him, from the balcony of her little cottage that nestled on the side of a little mountain down by the sea. There Marietta dyed the gaudy cotton stuffs which the swarthy, jabbering natives sold from row-boats to the passengers on the big liners. She had promised to marry Pietro before the next Lenten season, and in the meanwhile he would work very hard up in the hot, sultry Piedmont where there was a good deal of sickness and fever so as to provide for pretty Marietta a suitable trousseau. But it happened that late one night Pietro arrived unexpectedly in Salerno, very tired after a long dusty journey with a cart-load of baskets, and

took the long walk to the little cottage on purpose to see his Marietta.

In the garden were great clusters of jonquils and yellow lilies which sighed softly as they swayed in the balmy night breeze and made changing patterns of moonlight on the ground. As Pietro made his way among the flowers he heard a low sound of voices and paused. The voices were more distinct now, a man's and a woman's. Pietro peered around a huge yellow lily and its fragrance made him sick and faint. He noticed that the balcony was very low indeed and only came to the waist of the man beside it. In the man's arms was Marietta. He was saying: "And when, carissima, is the gallant bridegroom to be stripped of his wedding money?"

Then Marietta, Pietro's pretty little Marietta, replied:

"To-morrow night, my Filippo, the silly province pig will come, at ten o'clock, and you will come just before and hide among the bushes there. When he gives me his money to count as he always does, the fool, then you will throw him to the ground and run. I will say you snatched the purse. La, la, but it will be beautiful."

"And then, carissima, we will sail away to a far land on the pig's money."

"Yes, my Filippo, and be very happy with our love."

Pietro softly stole out of the garden, and all the way back to Salerno smiled steadily at the keen, silver sickle of the moon, but he slept very poorly.

At half-past nine the next night Pietro went to the house of Marietta. It was very dark.

"Carissima, carissima," he called softly.

It was quiet for a moment and then he heard a soft step. A low voice asked:

"Who's there?"

"Your Filippo, carissima," replied Pietro.

And out on the balcony shone the white gown of Marietta. Her soft, white arms stole around Pietro's neck, and swiftly the bitter, bright little stiletto in Pietro's hand sank in the breast of Marietta. She coughed.

"Ah,—my Filippo—how had I—angered—you!"

Then did Pietro, her lover, gather up the poor little Marietta in his arms and carry her to the sea where he gave her to the cool waves. As he went back along the Salerno road he passed Filippo going to keep his tryst.

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—The address delivered by Bishop Spalding in the Chicago Auditorium a few days ago has set public opinion vibrating. Fearlessly and resolutely he launched invectives against the vice connivers and corrupt politicians and stood his ground with the firmness of satisfaction in a well-discharged office. The Right Rev. Bishop sounded the keynote that should be hearkened to by all citizens who have the nation's welfare at heart. Never was there greater need for purity in civic office nor a time more ripe for reform. And the duty of working the reform extends to every class and creed. The stand so fearlessly taken by Bishop Spalding is but the stand incumbent upon those whose side is that of the Church. Would that there were more of our ecclesiastics to rally to the cause with the vigor, the courage and the utter disregard of political parties that characterize the Bishop of Peoria.

—Now that hostilities have really begun between Russia and Japan there is righteous cause for regret. Peace congresses and unending discussions on the horrors of war have again proved to be as insincere as national ethics always are when territory or conquest is at stake. Most certainly national aggression

and dishonesty is human nature at its worst. Both sides can not justify themselves, and thousands of innocent persons must be sacrificed to prove by the code of war which side is in the right, just as if might determines right. The newspapers, builders of battleships and makers of guns will all reap from the harvest of war. An occasional general or admiral will become world-famous, a few privates will be given swords and some sailors advanced in rank, while thousands and thousands of human beings—merely human beings—will give up life or property for the advancement of paganistic practices. It is a glorious thing for men to fight for their country and to protect their fatherland; but it is an inglorious thing to make it necessary for them to do so. Without reference to civilization or religion or morals even, is it not to be regretted?

—Month in and month out through many years the periodical magazines, like the comet, are seen by us and then pass from our gaze forever. We have often wondered why clippings from the current magazines are not saved, for some of the articles found therein are well worth the price of a shears, scrap-book and a little paste. Always has it been our opinion that the lover of literature could fill a library from the ephemeral magazines of to-day. How often are the essays on scientific and literary subjects lost to us with the removal of the paper wherein they appeared? A scrap-book should be the pride of every student that therein he may paste whatever worthy article appears in the magazines that reach his notice. Surely no one can deny that articles well worth saving are well worth the trouble of saving, and many of them pass out of our lives just for want of that little trouble. We may not see the beauty of it at present, but the time will come when we shall be thankful for the trouble we have taken in preserving these extracts. If any current article appeals to you, clip it out, provided the paper or magazine is your own, and save it that the mill may again grind with the waters that are past.

—The President unquestionably wields a mighty influence, especially when the nations clash; but the most important act of his foreign policy pales into mild and harmless insignificance compared with the results of

his efforts for reform at home. When he first threw down the gauntlet against race-suicide, there were persons ill-bred enough to pass over his remarks in a spirit of levity, and to intimate that his time would be better spent supervising the remodelling of the White House. For a time it looked as if the stormer of San Juan would be compelled to abandon his rivalry for a place as a seer with Benjamin Franklin and the "Sage of Monticello." But Iowa, the stronghold of Republicanism, where they believe that Mark Hanna makes the weather, and hang extracts from the Dingley Bill in the front parlor side by side with the "Welcome" and "God Bless our Home" signs, Iowa has rallied in this crisis to the support of the G. O. P. Mayor Sorbett of Gowrie has proclaimed that all old maids, widows, bachelors and widowers in his town must be married before the end of the year or suffer a fine of fifty dollars. And in his deadly earnestness, Mayor Sorbett, with the spirit that of old actuated Regulus, has already paid his fine, inasmuch as he falls under one of the classes specified, and has no intention of changing his present state. An Iowa editor has also responded, and offers his paper free for one year to any persons marrying in Iowa Falls in 1904. Inasmuch, however, as the editor is a justice of the peace his patriotism may be slightly tinged with the spirit of commercialism. At all events race suicide in Iowa has been effectively headed off, and the years of the census-taker promise to be long in the land. We await retaliatory measures from Kansas.

—A few glimpses at the life of Mommsen, the late German historian, help to show that in order to succeed in any undertaking the concentration of our entire energies upon the work is required. It is, moreover, almost an absolute necessity to become exclusively attached to one's calling if any abiding and noteworthy result is to follow. This was the case with Mommsen, and as a consequence he has given to the world a monumental work on the Roman laws, while in certain other fields of history he is also a widely accepted authority. He was devoted to history, and so absorbed in his favorite subject that he could sit down at any time and begin to write where he had left off. He has accomplished much and has greatly benefited mankind, an achievement largely due to his application and industry.

The State Oratorical Contest.

The State Oratorical Contest participated in by seven colleges and universities of Indiana, took place in Tomlinson Hall, Indianapolis, last Friday night before an audience of fifteen hundred persons from Indianapolis and surrounding cities. The Hall was decorated with great streamers and college colors, and altogether the scene was a typical one for an intercollegiate contest. The DePauw University quartette rendered several selections in a manner that was highly applauded by the large audience.

The order of speaking was: Earlham, Luther M. Feeger—"Gustavus Adolphus;" Wabash, A. E. Monger—"Our National Opportunity;" Butler, Charles F. McElroy—"The Supremacy of the Republic;" Hanover, D. T. Oglesby—"The Anglo-Saxon of the Future;" DePauw, Manfred C. Wright—"Our National Crime;" Franklin, Arnold B. Hall—"Franklin and Colonial Spirit;" Notre Dame, Maurice Griffin—"Andrew Jackson."

The judges were Charles Moores, Judge Knolls, and Judge Henly—all of Indianapolis. The speaking lasted fully two hours and a half, so that it was about 10:30 p. m. when Maurice Griffin, Notre Dame's representative, ascended the platform to deliver his oration on "Andrew Jackson." Mr. Griffin received one of the most enthusiastic receptions of the evening, not only from the Notre Dame supporters who occupied one whole section of the big coliseum, but from the general audience. He commanded perhaps the closest attention given any of the contesting orators because of his splendid stage presence and his remarkable display of oratorical strength and vigor. His enunciation was perfect, his gestures appropriate, and his voice reached every part of the big building. The finish of his effort was marked by undoubtedly the most prolonged applause given any of the speakers.

The decision was given by the judges to Luther M. Feeger of Earlham who spoke on "Gustavus Adolphus." The decision was regarded as unsatisfactory by many who were non-partisans of any of the colleges entered in the contest, particularly so as the contest is one of *oratory* and not of *elocution*. Mr. Feeger was undoubtedly the best elocutionist of the evening, and if the contest were one in that branch of public speaking

he should have won. But as the contest was not one of elocution, many auditors were favorably inclined to Mr. Griffin for first place. As a prominent politician of Indianapolis said after the contest: "Notre Dame's representative had the appearance, the manner, and the delivery of an orator."

Credit must be given, however, to Manfred C. Wright of DePauw whose manner and delivery were excellent. The subject-matter of most of the other orations was good.

Mr. Feeger's effort on "Gustavus Adolphus" was remarkable in some respects, and in none more than in its unfairness and historical inaccuracy. It was evidently designed as an attack along the old lines of restricted freedom of speech and thought enforced by the Catholic Church about the time of Gustavus Adolphus, with little side-statements of like import, all of which have been so thoroughly refuted, years and years ago, by both Protestant and Catholic historians that there is no need here to waste words or time on statements so completely discredited—and, as we supposed, forgotten until again resurrected in Mr Feeger's oration.

Notre Dame was well represented at the contest by nearly two hundred supporters, all of whom live in Indianapolis. The Knights of Columbus, through the kind efforts of Mr. J. D. Dunnigan, editor of the *Columbian Record*, sent a delegation to represent them. The Rev. Fathers Duffy and Dowd, Judge John R. Welch, William F. Fox and Attorney Charles Harrington, were among those that sat in the Notre Dame section.

Especially do we wish to thank Messrs. Fox and Harrington for their courtesy and many kindnesses shown to Notre Dame's representatives during their stay in Indianapolis.

The annual Convention of the Association took place at 2 p. m., Friday afternoon at the Denison. Notre Dame was represented in the Convention by Thomas D. Lyons as treasurer of the State Association, Byron V. Kanaley as delegate and Maurice J. Griffin as orator. All three had votes in the Convention as delegates from Notre Dame. Most of the discussion that took place was relative to suggested amendments to the Constitution. Both motions, which related to a change in the number of judges at the annual contest and to a further prize for the winning orators, were lost, the necessary two-third vote not being secured. Notre Dame, which this year had the treasuryship of the Association, and was represented

by Thomas D. Lyons, next year will have the corresponding secretary, the offices being filled by a method of rotation among the seven colleges that compose the Association.

On account of the interest taken in Notre Dame through the annual contest, the Indianapolis *Journal* has requested a write-up of our oratorical and debating prospects for the coming year.

BYRON V. KANALEY, '04.

Cardinal Newman

The world's truly great men are few. There is a long list of names of men that have achieved apparent greatness. Some have founded empires, some have performed great deeds in war, but it too often happens that these achievements have been wrought at the expense of the life or liberty of fellow-men. Cruelty has been used, and thereby their whole work has been vitiated. Quite different is it in the case of John Henry Newman whose influence for good is enduring.

Cardinal Newman was born in London in 1801. His father was a member of the Evangelical body and a freemason. His mother professed a sort of Calvinism. The child was placed at school at an early age. His mind appears to have been active even while he was quite young; his imagination was fanciful and dreamy. He read the Bible much, and he seems to have read as he chose, for he took up such works as Paine's Tracts against the Old Testament, and it is said that he delighted in the objections.

In a few years Newman entered Trinity College at Oxford. In 1820 at the age of nineteen he was graduated. He received a Trinity scholarship and remained at Oxford for three years. A position of considerable importance at this time was a Fellowship at Oriel. This Newman gained in 1823. The next year he was ordained. His ability was now recognized, and he was made one of the examiners of candidates for the degree of B. A. About this time the vicarage of St. Mary's fell to him. His influence now began to be felt. Men watched him anxiously, for they were aware of the growth of his power.

In the early thirties Newman went to Europe. He visited Sicily, and while there fell sick. It was thought that his death was near, but he declared that he had not sinned

against light and should not die, and he seemed also to be convinced that he had "a work to do in England." It was during this tour that he penned the lines of "Lead, Kindly Light."

From now until his conversion his soul must have suffered intensely. He was an ardent lover of truth, and he gradually found his way into the Roman Catholic Church. In 1845 the step was taken. England then was not as it is now. The Catholics there were few and despised. One fact in Newman's life shows how intense must have been the prejudice against the Catholic religion. Though he loved the truth and searched for it, and on this account should be fair-minded, it was not until two years before his conversion that he entirely dispelled the idea that the Pope was a sort of Antichrist. For a man of Newman's ability and rank to leave the Established Church and join the small band of Roman Catholics required a great sacrifice. But before he acted he was certain that he was right, and for him this was sufficient to overcome all objections.

For years, however, Newman was suspected of being insincere. At last the chance for the misrepresented man to defend himself came. He had been violently attacked by Kingsley. Then came the "Apologia." Immediately the work aroused an intense interest and soon wrought a change of opinion in Newman's enemies.

The last years of Newman's life were spent in the quiet Oratory. He had fought with error in early manhood and he was reaping the harvest now. He died in 1890.

Newman had one characteristic that was evident in his whole life—he was deeply in earnest; he was sincere. He doubted; but so thoroughly did he search for the truth that he dispelled all doubt. He prayed "Lead, Kindly Light," and he was its faithful follower.

T. P. I.

Athletic Notes.

There was quite a number of candidates added to the baseball squad during the past week. The squad now numbers twenty-eight men. Practice has been held every afternoon for three-quarters of an hour. The candidates will be put through the same daily routine of fielding grounders for a couple of weeks, at least, when the batting practice and other work will be taken up. Capt. Stephan is

elated over the way in which the men are "picking 'em up," and predicts a strong team. The men are gradually loosening up; the stiffness and soreness which naturally bothered them at first have disappeared, and they are getting down to form.

Manager Daly announces that season tickets for baseball will be on sale within the next few days. The schedule will also be announced in the near future. There are still one or two games hanging fire, and as soon as they are arranged for, the schedule will appear.

BASEBALL NOTES:—Ruehlback, Gorman, Burns and Alderman are the only candidates reported thus far for the pitching department. Hogan and Opfergelt will be out in a few weeks.

Antoine, Medley, O'Connell, and Sheehan are out for the other battery portion.

From present appearances, the Reserve team will be almost as strong as the "Regulars."

The Indoor-Meet scheduled with Indiana is not many weeks off. Indiana has already had one or two try-outs against other colleges in which she proved to have a very well-balanced team capable of causing trouble for any of the colleges. The State representatives are for the most part veterans, while our lads are handicapped by their inexperience. Whatever the outcome may be we are sure our boys will give a good account of themselves.

Manager Daly offers a season ticket to the one composing the best baseball song to be used by the rooters during the coming season. This offer should result in bringing forth many good productions in this line, as there are numerous "composers" in the different Halls who have shown their poetic abilities during the football season.

Before the largest crowd of the season, the Corby Hall basket-ball team inflicted a crushing defeat on the Mishawaka Stars, at Mishawaka. The city boys have been defeating all comers this season, and were confident of adding the "college boys" scalps to their list, but the speed and clever team-work of the Corbyites was a revelation

to them, and before the end of the first half they were willing to cry "quits." The Corbyites' fast play captivated the spectators, and one of the oldest inhabitants, who was present at the game, declared afterward that he hadn't been so enthusiastic since the night the first lamp-post in the town had been dedicated.

"Gosh, twuz grate," says he to John Philpot Quincy Adams McCaffery, Corby's sole rooter, and the latter tickling him under the chin, agreed that it was. John Philpot Quincy Adams McCaffery will not tickle another of the peaceful inhabitants of Mishawaka under the chin for some time to come. But the game—Geoghegann, Hermann and Wagnerann played star ball for Corby, while Splivins and Sawbuck excelled for the home team. The final score as given out at the office of the Mishawaka Trans-Continental News Budget, Limited, was 21 to 9, which has been accepted officially by the town trustees.

THE LINE-UP.

CORBY		MICH. STARS
Hermann	R G	Splivins X.
Wagnerann	L G	Sawbuck Zach
Devineann	C	Houtenany
Geoghegann	R F	De Latrivion
Kotteann	L F	Mawquishaw

Referee, Unknown; Umpire, C. Sheriff; Time-keeper, Splivins, J. and Rudy Jay. Rooters who tickled oldest inhabitant under the chin, John Philpot Quincy Adams McCaffery.

Bulletin—Mishiwaki, Feb. 11, '04.—Jeremy Plotkins, who came over from Nanskanski township to attend the Corby stars basket-ball game the other evening reports having lost three hours sleep. The name of the Corby rooter that tickled our esteemed townsman somewhere on the other side of the road between here and Stang Skyrocket's new hickory elm tree, finder, please return same to this office and get a receipt.

Rooters, attention!!! In a couple of weeks our track team will meet the State Representatives in the gymnasium in what promises to be a battle royal for first honors. The men from Indiana have been tried out in a couple of meets, while our lads are "green" and inexperienced, and are entering their first contest with a college team. What they will need to aid them along is encouragement from the rooters, and this they must have.

If they get any support from the rooters at all, we feel safe in saying they will do 50% better work and turn a surprise on the I. U. men. There is not much time left to organize and practise rooting for the occasion; but if the "hustlers" in the different Halls would get to work at once and arouse the enthusiasm of the fellows, we know for certain the "rooters" will give a good account of themselves on March 4. Good rooting on this occasion will help in several ways. It is practically our re-entrance into the field of indoor athletics, so we should do our share towards making it successful. Again, our men although on their own grounds, are handicapped in several ways, but with your assistance they may be able to overcome these handicaps. Rooters, organize, and on March 4 make the gymnasium ring with your "yells" and songs as it has not done for some time.

Manager Kenefick of the Brownson Hall basket-ball team is arranging for games with Buchanan, and the Delta Phis of Michigan City, both to be played here. Brownson played a practise game with Carroll Hall last Saturday evening and won without much effort. The final score was 12 to 1.

The date of the Annual Minim-ex-Minim track meet has not yet been decided on, but it is expected to be some time early in March. Both teams are getting ready for the contest, and from present indications it will be a hotly-contested one. The Minims are anxious to add to the honors won on the gridiron last fall and also to even up for their defeat of last season. The ex-Minims are working with a determination which shows they intend to win.

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY.

Thursday's Entertainment.

The program furnished by the Ritchie Company on Thursday afternoon in Washington Hall was one of the most enjoyable numbers on the lecture course so far. Mr. Ritchie, the leader of the troupe, is a most interesting entertainer, as well as being a very clever mystifier and dexterous prestidigitator. He is supported by a company that presents very high class entertainment. The first part of the program was furnished by Mr. Ritchie

in a sketch called "Mirth Born of Magic." For thirty minutes he entertained his audience with his inimitable magic and his display of exceptional manual dexterity, performing numerous tricks that were most mystifying to the spectators.

Miss Nettie Jackson, the soloist of the company, was well received in her impersonation of various humorous characters. Her efforts brought forth continued applause, to which she responded in many happily chosen numbers. Mrs. Ritchie made quite a hit with her old-fashioned songs and also in her assistance of her husband during the performance of many of his tricks; especially in the suspension act where her wonderful self-control and physical endurance aided her husband to an evident degree.

Mr. Charles Howison gave some very good imitations of birds and an exhibition of ventriloquistic powers that was most pleasing.

M. G.

Card of Sympathy.

The students of Carroll Hall feel as a personal loss the death of our beloved classmate and comrade, William P. McKenna, and deeply sympathize with his sorrowing relatives and friends in their great affliction.

G. Kreer,
J. Morrison,
B. Leftwich,
D. T. Kelly,—Committee.

WHEREAS, God in His infinite goodness and mercy has seen fit to call home to his reward the soul of our dearly beloved fellow-member, William P. McKenna,

RESOLVED, that we, the members of the Philopatrian Society, extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved relatives and friends, and that a copy of these resolutions be placed in the records of the Society and also published in the SCHOLASTIC.

C. B. O'Connor,
J. J. Condon,
C. J. Daly,
C. T. McDermott,—Committee.

Mr. McKenna's death, which occurred in the College Hospital Wednesday morning, has caused deep, sincere regret among his fellow-students. It is gratifying to learn that he died fortified by the rites of the Church. The deceased belonged to Worcester, Mass., whither the body was taken on Wednesday. His guardian, Mr. Wm. H. Welch of Chicago, and Brother William, C. S. C., accompanied the remains. Mass, at which the students attended, was offered in the Church of the Sacred Heart Friday morning for the repose of his soul.

Personals.

—Rev. Father Brancheau, Lansing, Mich., was a guest of the University a few days ago.

—Visitors' Registry:—Mr. P. W. Moore and wife, Logansport, Ind.; A. H. Walburg, Middleton, Ohio.

Local Items.

—The next bi-monthly examination takes place February 23 and 24. It is high time to begin reviewing.

—The senior philosophy class was favored Wednesday by the reading of Bishop Spalding's lecture, recently delivered in the auditorium at Chicago.

—We notice some reprints from the SCHOLASTIC in the following exchanges: *Queen's University Bulletin*, *St. John's Collegian*, *Indiana Student* and *Western Watchman*.

—Judging from the number of dainty autographed prayer books seen among certain Sorinites these days one must necessarily conclude that they are laying aside their worldly thoughts, and delving in pious meditation of the land beyond the Jordan.

—The Seniors have been holding some very interesting class meetings lately. The Sergeant-at-Arms wishes it understood that eavesdroppers will be handled according to the spirit of the class. So those who have been trying to find out what was going on within closed doors had better be careful.

—The debate in Washington Hall to-night will determine the three Notre Dame candidates for the contest with Oberlin. The six contestants are: Messrs. Griffin, Lyons, Daly, Record, Farabaugh and Kanaley. Colonel Hoynes will preside and the judges will probably be Messrs. Howard, Hubbard and Clark.

—It is to be regretted that the attention of any student has to be called to the utterly ungentlemanly and vulgar habit of spitting in public places. Some few seem to forget that public health, not to speak of decency, demands cleanliness. It should not be necessary to place signs in the gymnasium and other buildings of the University prohibiting spitting on the floor. Gentlemen do not commit such a breach of etiquette.

—Disinterested spectators who attend the Seniors' semi-weekly dances have been making canvass among the members for the purpose of equipping each dancer with an asbestos curtain and an automatic sprinkler to keep down the dust. All contributors are requested to call early at Room 32. In case the occupant fails to respond, the caller should

(w)ring the hand, or, if more convenient, the neck of the first passer-by. Immediate results are guaranteed.

—The members of Notre Dame Grand Army Post regret that General John C. Black can not be with them on Washington's birthday. Owing to illness he was obliged to cancel his engagement. General Black is chairman of the United States Civil Service Commission and commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. Dr. C. A. Harman, Surgeon-General of the Grand Army, who is attending General Black, says he will be compelled to cancel his engagements for the next few weeks.

—A spirited debate was held in the parliamentary law class last Wednesday on the question: Resolved, That United States Senators should be elected by direct vote of the people. Weighty arguments were advanced by Mr. Meyers for the affirmative and by Mr. O'Phelan for the negative. The same question will be debated next week by Mr. Fansler for the affirmative and Mr. Proctor for the negative. The members of the class were requested to prepare one-minute speeches for a general discussion after the debate.

—St. Joseph Literary and Debating Society held a specially interesting meeting Wednesday. The subject of debate was: "Resolved, That the President and Senate of the United States should be elected by popular vote." Messrs. F. Zink and Madden ably supported the affirmative, while Messrs. F. Collier and W. Robinson upheld the negative. The judges, W. Perce, P. Malloy and J. Cunningham decided in favor of the affirmative. Next followed Mr. J. W. Sheehan with an oration, "The Spirit of the next Presidential Campaign." Mr. J. Cunningham spoke at some length on the evils of cigarette smoking. Messrs. Sullivan and Malloy produced a scene from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with much skill. After a few remarks by the President, the meeting adjourned.

—The Sorin Hall cotillon took place Wednesday evening in the Sorin dance hall and was without doubt the gala social event of the season. Many notables honored the occasion with their presence, conspicuous among whom were the Duke of Weedsport. A short impromptu entertainment preceded the evening's festivities consisting of an instrumental solo by M. J. Shea, vocal solo by W. K. Gardiner and an old-fashioned rag-time by C. Rush. Music was furnished by the Sorin Hall Orchestra and dancing indulged in till Leader Proctor fell asleep at the piano. The grand march was led by Bill Brooklyn and Miss Daisy Dillon, who was gorgeously bedecked in a Parisian gown of crêpe de chene ornamented with point lace and Wurzburger trimmings.

Among the notables were Mr. Fansler

attired in an Austrian kimono of Hennessy's satin trimmed with Duke's silk, and Miss Josephine Cullinan, who, besides appearing in a Russian imperial costume, also held a blackthorn in her right hand. Miss Edna Hammer, the leap-year belle from Goatville, made several futile attempts to propose during the evening, and it was not until she was convinced by the management that no one except Mike Hastings would have her, did she cease her attentions. The amusement committee intend to hold another cotillon in the near future to which the smart set of Corby, the Brownson four hundred and the St. Joe aristocracy will be invited.

THE BROWNSON HALL STUDENTS' DANCE.

The Annual Brownson Hop held last Wednesday evening in the Brownson gymnasium was a decided success. It was the most elaborate affair of the kind that has been held in recent years at the University, and the committee on arrangements are to be complimented upon the splendid results of their labors. Everything was orderly and neat, the music furnished by the Brownson Symphony Orchestra—G. Z. Ziebold, leader,—was of a high order. The gymnasium was very artistically decorated with flags and bunting; tasty decorations of the University's Gold and Blue and Brownson's crimson were suspended on the walls, while in front a large "B," illuminated with electric lights, hung suspended between the Stars and Stripes and the Gold and Blue. To Mr. R. Dashbach and his able assistants every credit is due for the decorations.

It was a very animated throng that filed into the gymnasium at seven o'clock sharp, and a few minutes later the orchestra struck up the grand march, and the fifty couples present fell into line. From that time on until ten o'clock they wended their way through the intricate mazes of the waltz, and tripped the light fantastic to their hearts' content. At ten o'clock they repaired to the reading room where a surprise tendered by the Very Rev. President Morrissey in the shape of ice cream and refreshments was in store for them.

The Very Rev. President Morrissey, Rev. Vice-President, J. J. French, Rev. Prefect of Discipline, M. J. Regan, Fathers McNamee, Hennessy, O'Reilly, Ready and Corbett, and the lay members of the Faculty were present during the evening and watched the entertainment with pleasure. At 10:30 the lights were dimmed and the annual Brownson Hop passed into history. It was a splendid success, and unstinted praise is due Mr. J. Keefe, chairman of the arrangement committee and his assistants; Mr. R. Dashbach for decorations, and the Brownson Symphony Club. We hope the future students of the Hall will keep alive the custom and succeed as well as the boys of '04.